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T. D. Curtis

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RESURGAM:

THE

NAZARENE'S APPEAL

TO THE

MEN AND WOMEN

OF

WEALTH AND POWER.

33
"He shall be called a Nazarene."—Matt. 2:23.

CHICAGO:

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PREFACE.

Whence came the manuscript of this poem? No matter. Suffice it to say, it came into the possession of its present proprietor in a way that attracted his attention. A perusal fixed his interest. He believed it worthy of publication, and destined to more than an ephemeral existence. It considers subjects of momentous importance to progressive humanity—pointing out, as it does, the changes necessary for the inauguration of the millennium—and certainly ought to be read by the class to whom it is addressed.

THE PROPRIETOR.



RESURGAM:

THE NAZARENE'S APPEAL TO THE MEN AND
WOMEN OF WEALTH AND POWER.

I.

Behold! the day will come when I shall rise
Again, and walk abroad among the sons
Of men on earth, in spirit and in deed;
And then my labors shall not be in vain.

The harvest I have sown in spirit realms,
Then cropping forth, it will be mine to reap;
And from the tares the wheat I shall divide,
Rejecting that which cumbereth the earth,
Preserving what will feed my hungry flocks,
And equitably portioning the land
Among the Brotherhood, as was designed
By our wise Father who in Heaven dwells,
And sanctions neither class of rich or poor.

The hour is drawing nigh, the world is big
With travail and with tribulation sore,
Because of things soon coming on the earth
To make the mighty tremble and o'erthrow
The Powers of Darkness that now dominate
The world and fill it full of want and wo,
Amid abundance of material wealth
To satisfy and bless the human race.

Lo! I shall rise again in the affairs
Of men and make the crooked straight and true;
The earth is full of signs for those who have
The eyes to see; and on the open ear
Fall the foreboding sounds that presage change
In all the broad relations here of men;
The long-benighted millions are astir
With new light breaking on their restless minds,
And revolution rumbles through their ranks
And shakes them like a coming earthquake dire;
They feel my presence, and they hear my voice;
New life and hope are thrilling thro' their veins,
And hummings of uprisings, as when bees
Are prone to swarm, are heard on every hand;—
All these bespeak the nearness of the hour
When I shall come, the second time, in power
To scourge the wicked and to bless the just;
Behold the signs! Lo! I shall rise again!

II.

Ye men and women who have wealth and power,
And influence to mould the movements of
The governments that rule the world, and who
Can make or change the statutes at your will;
Who constitute "Society," and form
The fashions for the aping multitude;
Who give the church its potency and means
To awe and lead the ignorant and poor;
Who make and unmake legislators—who
Are quick your wishes to obey, and strive
To do you servile service, lest they lose
Position and the world's applause; ye who
Have sway o'er judges and the trusted few
Whose duty is to execute the laws;
Ye men and women who are at the helm,
No matter who commands, and constitute
"The power behind the throne," in monarchies,
And, in republics, "pull the wires" that make
The puppets called "the people's servants" dance;
To you, the "ruling class," appeal is made.

Not for a class is this appeal to you,
But for yourselves and all humanity;
There is no contradiction in the laws
That govern all God's children here on earth;
That which is best for one is best for all,
And what is good for all is good for each;

Right wrongeth no one ; justice blesses each
And all alike, and brings the reign below
Of equity divine that rules the spheres.

Ye see yourselves that danger lurketh nigh,
And ye have fears to poverty unknown ;
While want and hunger scourge the needy poor,
Disease assails their weakened bodies, and
Envy and hate perchance may prompt to crime,
You live in constant apprehension of
Assaults upon your persons and your pelf ;
There's no security for you or yours,
And danger stares you in the face and sets
The heart to palpitating with the dread
Of what may come ; you dissipate to pass
Away the weary hours that move so slow
And hang so heavily upon your lives ;
You turn to vain display and empty show
For joy and pleasure, but they disappoint
And bring a hollow mockery, a vain
Delight, that leaves you all-unsatisfied ;
Disease creeps in through violated laws
Of Nature and the fretting of the soul
With vanities of dissipated life ;
Excesses curse you even more than lacks
Prey on the famished poor ; but haughty pride
Inspires your sinking hearts and makes you scorn
Your fellows more unfortunate than you

In massing or inheriting the wealth
That cometh honestly by toil alone;
You measure all things by the gauge of gold,
And count the intellects and souls of men
As nought, if Mammon does not on them smile;
You do not sow, and yet you reap the fruits
Of toil, and let the toiler go unblest;
Unto the world you give no service fit
For recompense for what you thoughtless take,
But do not need, nor even turn to use;
You build you stately mansions, and you strive
To beautify your homes with works of art,
And to adorn your grounds with flow'rs and shrubs,
And fountains cool, with all things fresh and fair;
You dress in rich apparel, and you ride
On flashing wheels drawn by high-stepping steeds
In shining harness, and superbly groomed;
You find your chief excitement in the wish
To rival and outshine your neighbors, who
In turn would fain eclipse you all, in show;
And so the tide of vanity and pride
Rolls on in bare display and rivalry,
The while you cultivate a selfishness
And coldness of the heart, a thoughtless pride,
A cruel and a vile indifference,
Toward your humbler fellow-beings, which
Condemns your souls to dwell within the bounds
Of narrow self, and cuts you off from all

The sweeter joys and sympathies that come
From loving others as you love yourselves,
And doing good that all mankind be blest:
Your nobler attributes are buried deep
Beneath the debris of your misspent lives,
And o'er them all spring rankest weeds of pride,
Ambition, rivalry, and lust of pomp.

III.

But what availeth all, when all is done ?
You fret your lives away in empty show,
And leave your needy spirits starved and dwarfed ;
And when the end is come, as come it will,
Your bodies drop into their graves, and rot—
The bodies which so vainly you adorned—
The while your souls so feeble are and weak
They scarce can grasp the rudimental work
Upon the spirit side, to which henceforth
They must devoted be ; still infantile,
Their work they must begin in primal stage,
And slowly, tediously build up to where
They might have been when kindly death dissolved
The union with the body, had they been
Engaged in doing good and useful work
On earth ; in striving but to gain the world,
The soul is sacrificed and nearly lost ;

Think you the few and fleeting pleasures won
Are recompense for sacrifice so great?

IV.

Wealth of itself is good when it is used
For the promotion of the public weal;
And its production is a laudable
And a beneficent and worthy end;
But when it hoarded is for selfish aims,
Without equivalent reward for what
Is drawn from stores that should the toiler bless,
Wealth is a curse to him who hoards and hugs
It to his bosom as the darling thing
On which his earthly life should solely rest;
Nor can his ostentatious gifts of alms,
Or contributions to the formal church,
Or hollow worshiping at senseless shrines,
Lift this dark curse from off his feeble soul.

So cultivation of the beautiful
Has tendency to elevate the soul
And strengthen, and its elements refine;
But patronizing art through vanity
And an unholy wish to selfishly
Surround yourselves with objects foreign to
The inner life, and nought appreciate,
But further cumbers the poor weakling soul

And makes it more ridiculous and vain;
And when at cost of others' toil you strut
And swell in borrowed plumage, you commit
A positive offense against the laws
Of morals, and of all that is divine.

V.

I bade you one another love and serve,
The needy poor as well as pampered rich,
And not to hoard the things of earth and dust,
Which perish by the moth, and rust, and fire,
But lay up treasures of the soul within,
Which perish not, but endlessly endure.

Then why have ye my precepts spurned and
To earthly idols, howe'er beautiful? [turned
Ye see they pass away as morning dews,
With all their sparkling splendors, rise in air—
And, like the air, become invisible.

Raise ye the poor excuse ye know not how
Ye can obey my precepts, and can gain
The blessings of eternal love and light?
Why turn ye to the superficial things
Of earth, and overlook the greater good
Ye might achieve by lifting up the weak
Among your fellows, blessing their poor lives,

And not alone their pathway cheering here,
But beautifying, making strong, their souls,
And fitting them for higher flights beyond ?
Meantime, your souls would gain a joy and growth
That would endure, and be a treasure rare
And beautiful through all the coming time.

VI.

It is not alms the struggling masses need,
But justice, and that animating love
Which giveth aid and asketh no reward
But that sweet satisfaction which is felt
In doing good and seeing happiness
Resulting from the kind, unselfish deed ;
And is there aught of beauty in the gross
Material things of earth which you possess,
And which in dull insensateness are ranged
Around and through your narrow dwelling-place,
That can compare at all in beauty with
The humblest soul which you can make to bud
And blossom at your magic touch and smile ?

Make room, I say, for all your fellow souls,
And out of your abundance freely spare,
To lift them up and give them all the rights
You have yourselves from the All-Father's hands ;

The rights to light, and air, and soil, and all
The common gifts of Nature, all possess
And must in equity enjoy alike;
None have superior claims, and none the right,
By force of muscle or of intellect,
To trench upon another's heritance
Bequeathed by God, through Nature, to the race.

Unjust accumulations are a curse
To the possessor and unto the robbed;—
And the partaker in unholy spoils
Shares in the spoliator's prime offense;
There is no valid claim, nor can be, for
Perpetuating wrong in any form—
No condonation for offense against
The rights of being, or of Nature's laws;
Strict restitution is the only means
Of making full redress for such offense;
Nor time nor custom can invalidate
The right and title of the injured one;
All wrongs must certainly be set aright.

VII.

You say the multitude are weak, and they
Are thoughtless and improvident; the more
Then is the need for you to guide and ward—

The stronger is your duty to protect
And teach them what they lack in wise
Provision for themselves, and make them strong
To shun the evil tempting by the way.

You say that they are ignorant and vile;
'Tis owing to the world's neglect of them,
Permitting them in childhood's days to grow
In dank and darksome atmospheres, where they
Had lack of mental food, and whence they drew
Miasma from the moral damps and sloughs
Which want, and ignorance, and sinful lust
Had thrown about them to contaminate
And blight the sinless souls of infantile
And guileless natures. Oh! then, see to it
That no more children, types of Heaven, are made
To look like images of hell, and act
The part of demons doomed to endless night:
Lift up the fallen, give to them the means
Of honest livelihood, and point the way
Of light and love, wherein their wandering feet
May tread the upward road to better realms.

As for the children, give not one of them
A chance to go astray, but educate
In all the ways of usefulness and good,
In cunning handicrafts and Nature's laws,
But keep them from the superstitious blight
Of priestly teaching and its crafty wiles;

And when they have to manhood grown, or reached
To womanhood's estate, provide for them
The opportunity which all must have
To gain an honest livelihood at will;
The right to work forever complements
The right to live, and carries with it all
The rights of liberty and the pursuit
Of happiness, which unto all belong.

The government which faileth to secure
To each and all its citizens these rights,
Is but a mockery and swindling cheat,
Which every citizen should scorn, and strive
To work its overthrow, and in its place
To put a grander, juster government,
That will the ends of right and freedom serve.

VIII.

At first, it is your duty to beat down
All privileges and monopolies,
And thus restore the equitable reign
That should denote the Brotherhood of man;
None should have privilege or power to prey
Upon the individual or mass;
Who serves the public should have fixed reward,
Nor shadow of extortion should appear.

The present systems that prevail are kin
To highway robbery on land and sea;
For all are at the mercy of a few
Who fight and scramble for the booty wrung
From out the sweat and blood of millions' toil
By means as questionable as command
To "Stand, deliver at the peril of
Your life!" And these devouring wolves who prey
Upon the many turn and rend themselves,
Devour each other, as the robber gang
Fight o'er the spoils secured in many raids.

The world is full of wrong; society
Is built upon monopoly, and soon
Or late the rotting mass must crumbling fall
And carry all that rests upon it down
To depths of misery and darkest wo—
For such antagonistic schemes and plots,
And such discordant elements and powers,
Must work destruction in the end, and fail;
A house that wars against itself must fall.

IX.

The claim is oft advanced that equal chance
Is open unto all to play their part
For mercenary uses, and that none
Have reasonable causes for complaint,

If they lack "enterprise" or wit to win
In this free race for worldly pelf and power!

This is a most fallacious argument
By which to justify a chronic wrong;
Thieving direct might be with equal force
Upheld as fair for all, and no complaint [worst,
Should therefore come from those who fare the
Because they have an equal chance to steal!
The moral aspect of the question dropped,
Conscience is not allowed to raise protest,
And reason and expediency both
Are set aside by those who chance to win;
The right to equitably share by fair
Division of a common gift to all
Is quite ignored, and for partition just
A rushing scramble is the substitute,
Each taking all within his greedy reach,
And leaving nought for him whom partial fate
Hath pushed aside or at a distance left.

Our Father sets a bounteous feast for all;
Abundance crowns the board, and all alike
Are free by invitation to partake;
But an unholy few, not having sense
Of courtesy, or right, or wrong, rush in
Seize all, and leave the rest an empty place,
Or, jostling them aside, with jeer and jest,

Upbraid them for their hunger and their lack
Of "enterprise" and strength to get their share!

Yet it is plain unto all men that some
Must take the precedence in time and place;
These were supposed to satisfy their needs,
Nor carry off a useless share for self,
Or others of their kin or house, nor to
Take fixed possession and refuse a seat
Or crumb to later comers to the feast.

Our Father thus hath Nature's table spread,
Inviting each and all his children dear
To freely help themselves, but trespassing
Not in the least upon each other's right
Unto the full enjoyment of the gift
So lovingly bestowed on all alike.

Yet, through machinery of government,
Monopolies, and selfish business schemes,
Permitted by the ruling powers, if not
By them abetted, legislated for
And aided openly, the toiling mass
Are cut off from all natural resource
And made the slaves of the controlling few.

If you, who own the wealth and wield the power,
Refuse to give employment, none can work;
Support of life is at its fountain sapped,

And they must starve and suffer, or do worse;
Hence cometh sorrow, sin, and crime, and hence
Proceedeth violence, destruction, and
Unhappiness, with danger unto you.

Who cannot see the wrong of such a state?
Who does not see it cannot long endure?
The first offender is the one who robs
His fellow-being of his equal right
To share in all the gifts Our Father gave;
And this provokes reaction and revenge,
Until the moral balance is restored.

Think you no guilty stains rest on your souls?
Who profits by a wrong, nor seeks to right
The evil deed, shares equally in guilt
With him who perpetrates the wicked act;
No matter how obscure and subtle is
The means whereby your fellow-mortals have
Been wrong'd and robb'd, nor how remote the deed
Whence evil comes, the greatest and the least
Offense must be wiped out by most complete
And willing restitution to the wronged;
Our Heavenly Father, through his laws, accepts
No less atonement—no repentance that
Is not expressed in equitable deeds,
Meet for repentance to the utmost due.

X.

And do ye ask me now what ye shall do
As one of old, who thought he would be saved ?
I answer, make ye restitution full
• Of all thou hast to those who suffer want
Because of wicked hoarding by the rich.

Ye are not asked to make yourselves as poor
As they whom artful craft hath robbed of all
The fruits of toil, and of the chance to toil ;
But all of your abundance in excess
Of all your worldly needs, ye should employ
To aid and elevate your fellow-man.

Ye are not asked to seek the dire extreme
Of poverty and wrong that hath been reached
By the down-trodden poor who have been robbed ;
This were unwise as it would be unjust ;
But all your surplus riches ye should use
In mitigating surplus want and wo—
In lifting up your needy fellow-men—
To bring return to primal principles
Which will secure to every one his own.

And this involves most radical reforms
Of present schemes and practices in trade,
In commerce, in administration of
The governments of earth—in all that now

Pertains to public service, and to all
Partition of the soil, supplies of food—
To all the industries whereby the world
Is filled with wealth to satisfy its needs.

XI.

Your system of exchanges is as bad
As ignorance and folly could devise;
To individu'l selfishness is left
The making of exchanges, and the fruits
Of honest toil become the things of trade
And traffic; and base speculation comes
To run the prices up and down, and rob
Both the producer, who is forced to sell,
And the consumer, who is forced to buy;
Between the two the trader waxes fat,
While all the toiling mass are growing lean.

This field of plunder, so inviting, draws
A selfish and a thoughtless multitude,
Who by their rival scrambling so annoy
And crowd and jostle each the other that
The spoils too meager are to go around,
And vexing competition drives them all
To sharpest practices to margins make;
And so adulterations find their way
Into the marts, and counterfeits appear,

Until the genuine becomes so rare
That few its features recognize, and scarce
Can it be found by those who earnest seek;
Debasing competition cheats in goods,
While it demoralizes many souls;
The treacherous rule that prices must be fixed
By the supply and the demand is wrong,
And makes my Father's house a den of thieves.

And not content to traffic in the wares
Which honest toil turns out to bless the world,
Ye traffic in the muscles and the brains
Of your own brothers and your sisters weak,
Compelling them to sell their services
In labor marts upon the cruel base
Of the supply and the demand, the while
Ye force a starving multitude to stand
And watch for opportunities to sell
Their services in competition with
Their starving fellows for a pittance small,
The gnawings of their hungry frames to quell!

Oh! this is terrible! Where is your blush
Of honest shame that ye can so ignore
The vital claims of all humanity?
The chattel had the master's earnest care
As property that could be bought or sold;
But ye forego the care of ownership,

And ply the cruel lash of murderous need
To bring the trembling slave unto your terms;
And when ye have no want of service from
His weakened frame, ye care not though he die!
Should he grow furious and make demand
For work and bread, ye meet his claim by force,
And slay him or imprison him, instead
Of seeking to allay the cravings of
His nature and restore to him the just
Enjoyment of his God-imparted rights!
This verily is worse than giving stones
To hungry children when they ask for bread;

XII.

'Tis not enough that ye have built and set
Apart your institutions for the poor;
They have been cheated out of common rights
And forced to serve you for a price so small
That it but illy keeps the suffering soul
Within the suffering body; hence, when age,
Or sickness, or an idleness enforced,
Brings death unto the worker's humble door,
Your alms, though needed, are a recompense
So small that they insult the living God,
Who giveth all for them as well as thee.

All institutions called benevolent
 Are insults to the living and the dead
 And stand accusing monuments before
 The throne of that eternal justice which
 Will mete alike to rich and poor the doom
 They have invoked by deeds done on the earth ;
 For there is no escaping the reward
 Of merit or demerit which to all
 Will soon or late unerringly be judged
 In strict accordance with divinest law.

XIII.

But think ye that a just and true exchange
 Of labor products and of kindly deeds
 Cannot be made among the sons of men ?
 Are ye so clouded with the mists of wrong
 Ye cannot see the open path of right ?

Thro' government must be prepared the way
 That leads to equity and changeless right ;
 The tangled webs of commerce and of trade
 Must all be swept away by juster modes.

If peacefully ye will not make the change,
 Then it must come by force ; upheavels great
 And revolutions dire, brought on by fierce
 Uprisings of the mass, will bring the hour

When all the desolations and the woes
Foreshadowed in the weird Apocalypse
Will come upon the land and on the sea,
When all the merchants, all the rich and proud,
Who have committed fornication with
The Babylon of Commerce and of Trade,
Will stand afar and wring their hands in grief,
Bewailing the calamity by which
Such earthly riches have been brought to nought;
But they who understand will weep for joy.

XIV.

The monetary system of the world
Is cunningly designed for robber use;
Based on a scarce commodity which is
Quite easily monopolized, it has
No fixedness of value, and the few,
By shrewd monopoly, have all control
To make the value more or less; they can
Curtail the value or increase the same,
Contract it or expand the measure of
The values of all fruits of toil—which they
Can also vary in their price, at will;
Thus wages of the toiler change their power
To purchase in the markets what he needs;
And paper money, which is based upon
This scarce commodity, partakes of all

Its variableness of value in
The marts of traffic and competing trade.

The measure should be one without a change,
And that which it must measure should be fixed
In value by the same authority
That makes the measure; otherwise there is
No justice in the measurement, since the
Extension or contraction of supply,
Or of the thing that's measured, has the same
Effect a change of measure would produce;
The things of measure and the measure used
Must both have permanency; otherwise
The ends of equity cannot be served.

In truth, it never was designed that men
Should worship Mammon and accept his rule;
In Nature can be found no measurément,
Or unit, for the value, the extent,
Or quantity, of ought upon the earth
That has become a thing of selfish trade;
All these must ever be conyentional
And arbitrary, until men shall learn
The higher law of love and free exchange
Of kindnesses and services, as was
Designed by the Good Parents of us all.

Till then, some rule of equity and right,
Based on adopted units, must prevail,

For all exchange to be adjusted by;
An average day of labor, or an hour,
Would constitute a unit quite as fair
For measurement of values as would aught
That well could be selected, since by work
Alone all wealth is drawn from Nature's stores.

A nation's currency should never be
Entrusted to the guidance of a few,
With power to exercise their sovereign will
And make the volume of it what they please;
The people, thro' their government, should have
The sole control of such a vital thing
As is the medium for exchanging wealth;
Certificates of value like unto
The "greenbacks" of America should form
A nation's currency; or such, erewhile,
As I will indicate when pointing out
A system of deposit and exchange
For all the products of the shop and soil.

XV.

But, of all curses of these modern times,
None rivals in iniquity the scheme
Of taking usury on debts incurred
By borrowing or by purchase; worst of all
Is bonded debt, whereby the wealthy thrive,

And all the toiling millions of the day,
And all their children, living and unborn,
Are made to march behind the conquering car
Of Mammon, while the governments are made
The agents of the holders of the debts,
To wrest in taxes from the servile mass
The int'rest which the debts are made to bear,
And pass it o'er to those who never toil,
But roll in luxury and idleness,
The while the people mourn, and sigh, and plod;
'Tis an offense to make the angels weep—
A scheme of robbery which was conceived
And born amid the lowest depths of hell.

The whole of the infernal scheme of debt
And credit, upon which the business world
Is based, is villainous in the extreme;
It stimulates to practices most vile,
And sears the consciences of men until
All sense of right and wrong, all sympathy
For fellow-man, is lost in the desire
To over-reach and thus involve the wretch
Within the toils of usury and law,
And take from him the little that he has,
Under the name of justice and of right!

The cunning and the strong and conscienceless
Thus prey upon the innocent and weak,
And make and keep them poor and helpless slaves;

Innumerable plots and plans are laid
 To pile up debt against the toilers and
 Defraud them of whatever little gains
 They may have saved thro' hard and pinching toil ;
 All the machinery of lawyers, courts,
 And constables, and dreaded sheriffs, is
 Called in, if needed, to enforce the claim
 Held by the creditor, who may have not
 The faintest shadow of a moral right
 To dispossess his neighbor; but the law
 The man-made statute, is upon his side,
 And so the needy debtor is deprived
 Of all he has to help him gain his bread ;
 The brother strips his brother-man, when all
 Of duty bids him spare and render aid !

Most damnable is all such selfish work ;
 But greater still the condemnation which
 Should fall upon such schemes of robbery ;
 If debts there must be, let those debts
 Be debts of honor, with no laws or courts
 To force their payment; nearly all the work
 Of so-called courts of justice is but to
 Enforce the unjust claims of property
 Within a world where man can scarce be said
 To own the body which, vouchsafed to him
 For transitory use, must soon be cast
 Aside and left with all there is of earth.

Abolish all such laws and devil's work,
And let the law of love and equity
Come in, the all-devouring wolf of greed
To drive from every heart and usher in
The reign of Universal Brotherhood

XVI.

The people should at once assume control
Of railroads, telegraphs, and telephones,
As also of all other channels of
Communication and of intercourse,
And run them for the interest of all.

Most terrible is the injustice wrought
By corporations and by persons who
Control the channels that are used by all;
They fix all fares and rates of freight at will,
And pile enormous dividends, as show
The figures they themselves permit the world
To see; and their officials, waxing fat
By many devious ways, strut forth and swell
As millionaires before the gaping throng;
They tamper with your legislators, and
They bribe and bully all the servants of
The people; and with other great and strong
Monopolies, they thwart or modify
All legislation, and pervert the ends

Of justice that the people dare demand;
Usurping and most impudent, they dare
Defy the public, laughing at its will.

Such is low human nature when it gets
In place and power; then it always apes
The airs of the infernals; pompously
It struts and swells upon this narrow stage
Of active life, as if to hoard and rule
A few brief seasons were a conduct fit
For mortals soon to launch their trembling souls
Upon the waves of everlasting life,
Where all the sins of earth must be atoned,
And each can gain advantage over none.

XVII.

The present postal service is in part
A model for all other services
Of public nature to be run upon;
But it should not dependent be on those
Who own and run the corporations for
Its means of transport for the people's mails;
'Tis plain the railroads should become a part
And parcel of the postal system, which
Should carry passengers and freight the same
As now, but charging barely rate enough
To cover cost and make required repairs.

The men who run the railroads now could run
Them for the people just as well, and get
A fairer wage for services, and feel
Securer in position, while a pride
To serve the public would inspire their minds.

So telegraphs, and telephones, and mines,
Should all be run and worked for public good;
The people, through their government, should have
Control of all these channels, and of all
The future may develop, or the needs
Of a progressive people may demand;
No coal or oil monopolies should be
A moment longer tolerated by
The patient and long-suffering masses, who
Should wield whatever power they possess
To make their government assume control.

XVIII.

With government control of every
Department of the public service, and
With other changes which have been outlined,
There would be less of carrying to and fro
Of bulky freights and speculative wares;
The transportation under government
Direction would be only such as is
Required to place the surplus products where
Deficiencies should call for more supplies;
Thus distribution of the fruits of toil

By supervision of the government
Would simplify the problem of exchange
Of labor products, while it would reduce
All transportation to the minimum.

XIX.

In course of time, all manufacturing,
All cultivation of the soil, and all
The educational affairs of life,
Will naturally come within the sphere
Of government control and fostering care;
These then will be conducted with an ease,
Intelligence, efficiency, and skill,
That has not yet been thought, or even dreamed;
Possessing full returns from every branch
Of industry, and places most remote
Or near, the government will always have
Completest knowledge of supplies and needs;
It therefore can direct with wisdom what
Shall manufactured be, and also the
Amount of every article desired.

And in the cultivation of the soil,
It will be qualified to name the crops
And acreage of each for every part
Of all the land; and daily, if not found
The better way to give it oftener, it can
Send forth its bulletins from every point,
To guide the husbandman and tell him what

The weather promises to be within
The future hours that are approaching near.

Thus order will prevail, and everything
To system be reduced; the practice of
A wise economy will then be made
Not only possible but sure at each
And every point of manufacture and
Production, in all sections of the land.

Then will the labor forces be employed
To best advantage, and no one be left
To pine and perish in an idleness
Enforced because there is no work for him;
The daily hours of labor then can be
Apportioned so that all shall do their share,
Each in his place performing well his task,
While none are left to loll in idleness,
Or live upon the earnings of the rest;
Then the rewards of labor can be fixed
So each shall have his equitable share,
And none shall garner up a useless store.

Then every one will be an employee
Of what is called the government, and each
Will work for all and all for each, and serve
The public weal instead of selfish ends;
No wretched competition will deprive
Even the weakest of a sure reward
For labor done, nor of the right to work.

None will know want or fear of want, while each
Will have abundance in the public store,
With leisure time to serve himself and friends
In deeds of loving kindness and of use.

His task accomplished for the public good,
In works of beauty and of art he may
Employ his leisure hours and make his home
A place of beauty, where his family
May dwell in happiness, and where his friends
May meet in joy and join in intercourse
Akin to what is realized in Heaven.

In place of competition, which now reigns,
Co-operation, with its harmony,
Will drive all discord from the hearts of men,
And rivalry and hate will be unknown.

The people, through their government, will then,
Both for convenience and necessity,
Establish many points of storage and
Of distribution for all needed things
Proceeding from the toil of each and all.

As one great family they then will dwell;
But, for security against the greed
That for a while may lurk within some hearts,
Each will be given for his daily toil
A check, or a certificate, to show
How much of value he has right to draw
From out the public store; these checks will be

Issued alone for work performed, or for
The things of value which the holder may
Deposit in the common store of wealth.

These checks will be received in fair exchange
For aught in public store he may desire,
As coins or bills are now received for goods
Throughout the marts of commerce and of trade.

The points of store and distribution may
Be numerous as are the offices
For postal service now, and will be run
On simple principles that every one,
Even a lisping child, can understand.

All prices of commodities will be
Fixed by the government, and be the same
In every storage-house within the land;
To give the check and take the purchased thing
The price of which is known, completes exchange.

No change of price can then be brought about
By means of the supply or the demand—
For government will always keep supplies
Well-balanced at all points, it doing all
The transportation, while it will possess
All information it may need to aid
In equalizing products everywhere.

And the certificates issued for toil
And in exchange for articles received,

Will constitute the currency, and do
All work as medium of just exchange;
And this will end all speculative trade
And trafficking in labor or its fruits.

XX.

In plain and simple language, I have shown
The social and political defects
And practices that now most curse the world;
And I have indicated what the change
That must be made to bring complete reform
And usher in a more harmonious reign.

Have ye the courage and the will to do
The needed work outlined to bring on earth
The reign of justice and of harmony?
Can ye cast down your worldly gods and bow
Alone to Brotherly Equality,
And give to all the equal right to live
And share alike in all the earthly gifts
Our Heavenly Father hath in love bestowed?
Can ye accord to others all the rights
Ye claim now for yourselves, and freely do
To others as ye would that they should do
To you and to each other, sharing each
With each, and helping all to rise and dwell
Upon a plane of peace and plenty, and
Good will toward the least of human kind?

Or, will ye turn, as did your ancestors,
Perverting all that I have taught to you,
And substituting evil in the place
Of good, until the world is bowed and lost
In darkness and confusion dire, like what
Prevailed for centuries upon the earth,
After I left, until, by breaking through
The clouds, I rent the wicked church in twain,
And followed up, until at last it now
In fragments lies, a dead, decaying thing?

But still, above each slowly rotting lump,
Exhale the fumes and poisonous damps of hell;
And they who breathe these vapors grow insane
And place their trust in empty nothingness;
In most delusive words, the wily priests
Pour forth their blasphemous pretenses of
Presenting what I taught unto mankind!

'Tis claimed the blood I shed will wash away
The blackest sins, through magic of belief!
That I have power to save from punishment
Of violated laws, that never change!

I plainly taught that all would be adjudged
By deeds done in the body, and that all
Would have the fullest measure meted out
For every lightest thought and least offense—
That not one jot or tittle of the law
Would fail or change, but all must be fulfilled.

Mine was no airy teaching, no absurd,
Impractical philosophy or myth,
Based on a slavish worship of the things
Of earth or air, or more ethereal realms.

I taught the Brotherhood of all mankind,
And sought to show that only that which hath
A bearing practical on life's affairs
Has value or is worthy of concern.

But I was misconceived, misunderstood,
And willfully as well as blindly was
Misrepresented by the lying priests,
Who cared but little for the truth or right,
But aimed to fix themselves in place and power;
In selfish rivalry and jealousy,
They wrangled and contended unto blows,
And murders, and the bloodiest of wars.

When I was slain, the fiercest powers of hell
Rose up to blot my teachings from the earth;
They very nearly met success, for none
But scattered fragments of my teachings were
Preserved to mock their efforts, and to show
How far in practice they ignored my words,
While they perverted all my principles,
Or turned them into airy nothingness.

There were no printing presses in those days;
This made it easy to distort the truth
Consigned to memory and word of mouth;

Besides, a cunning watch was always kept,
And many foes were lain in wait to catch
Some word whereby they might accusingly
Bring me before their arbitrary courts.

But now I speak to you in freedom's voice,
And in a way that gives my words to you
As uttered, and henceforth they must remain;
I speak to you in language plain and clear,
And not in parables, as was my wont
When Satan followed on my earthly track;
He was triumphant on the worldly side,
But in the spirit realm he felt my power,
Which was above and far beyond his reach;
And I have forced him back and back, until
The hour of conquest draweth nigh, when I
Shall drive the demons from their filthy dens
Around the earth, and quickly dissipate
The darkness that beclouds the minds of men.

Will ye join in emancipation's work,
And aid the conquering hosts of right and good?
Or will ye still remain the servants of
The Evil One, and with his fortunes share?

Remember, I shall rise again; my work
Begun on earth when I was here before,
Will surely be completed, and the Prince
Who rules this world, and whom the sordid serve,
Will be o'erthrown; ye have the power to aid

And mitigate the throes of agony
That must accompany so great a change;
With a unanimous desire to serve
The cause of freedom, justice, and the right,
Ye can so mollify the pangs of birth
That the new era may be born almost
Without a painful shock to jar the world.

Should ye remain inert and seek to shun
Responsibility for what is done,
The shock will be severe, the rupture great;
And, worst of all, if ye should choose to fight
The coming revolution, and resist
The powers omnipotent who are prepared
To force the changes to the lower depths,
Time hath not seen a shock so great as will
Stir all the elements of earth and hell.

The blinded Samsons, who have lost their eyes
Through inhumanity for ages borne,
Will rise and throw the temples of your power
In scattered fragments o'er the troubled earth,
And leave you buried beneath their dust;
Ye have the choice to lead in doing right,
Or fall despairingly while doing wrong;
If ye will not engage to free the mass,
The mass will rise in force and free themselves.

Ye can yourselves foresee the shadows of
Events most surely coming in the world;

An inner light is streaming through the brains
Of men and women over all the earth;
If those who are the more intelligent,
And have the power and means of doing good,
Ignore the warning voice and call to work,
Then those who feel the evils of the hour,
On whom the burden presses deep and sore,
Will take their rights into their hands and rise,
At Nature's call, to deeds of bravery
That will unloose the shackles on their limbs
And set them free, albeit chaos reigns;
The edict has gone forth and will not be
Revoked or modified till all is done;
Lo! I, who said it once, repeat it now:
The bondman must be freed; I rise again!

XXI.

The world before had never such a wealth
Of labor forces and material
Wherewith to feed and clothe the multitude;
Invention and the sciences, by aid
Of higher powers, have enriched the earth
Beyond all former days, and they have made
It possible to easily supply
The needs and wants of human kind without
The ceaseless drudgery of the darker past.

A few short hours of toil by each would now,
By aid of steam, machinery, and skill,

Supply all needs and luxuries, and build
All the conveniences for public and
For private use, and give to every one
The much-desired leisure to improve
The mind and body, and devote to art,
And literature, with kindred works of use,
As each by spirit aid might be impelled ;
And many minds will be inspired to serve
The public weal and gain renown, when they
Can be secure of food and raiment by
A few short hours of daily toil at work
Appointed by the people, whom they serve.

To reach the end desired, all things must be
Reversed and placed in orderly array ;
The Prince of Darkness and Contention first
Must be dethroned, and competition base
Give place to kind co-operative rule.

The light that has been pouring in the minds
Of men and waking thoughts that will not down
At bidding of the powers of earth will spread
And rapidly prepare the way for change,
When once the work in earnest is begun.

As government possession takes of each
Great channel of the public service, there
Will be a weakening of Satan's hosts,
And corresponding strengthening of the hosts
Of Light; the better service which will soon

Be felt by all, and the security
Enjoyed by those who faithfully do work
For government, will speedily awake
A sentiment in favor of the new
Departure by the people; but at first
The lovers of monopoly will raise
A noisy hue and cry against the change,
As they see power and profit slipping from
Their greedy, selfish and unholy grasp;
This need not give alarm, for nought so good
Could possibly be found that would not rouse
Their opposition and their croaking moans.

All surplus labor may be used to smooth
The highways and the byways of the earth,
And render safe and beautiful each spot
And nook upon this planet trod by man;
This needed work for benefit of all
Should be by all most freely recompensed;
And while such work remains to be performed,
None need be idle—all may be employed;
But more suggestions are not called for now,
For, as each step is taken in reform,
New paths will open and the way be clear.

XXII.

I've mainly spoken of material things,
And what to worldly welfare most pertains;

'Tis best to have the body well preserved,
A healthy habitation for the soul;
For 'tis by doing justice here on earth
And following the laws through Nature given,
That men preserve the body whole and sound,
And fit the soul for future life and work.

The body tortured by disease or want
Is not a pleasant dwelling for the soul,
Nor likely to prepare it to abide
Within a higher realm of active life;
Nor is the mind with apprehension filled
Of wants and danger coming to annoy,
Or burdened with a load of paltry pelf
Of which it has no need and has no right,
Preparing to ascend a higher plane,
Or dwell in peace wherever it may be.

The lesson of the right and wrong must here
Be learned and practiced by progressive souls;
And so obedience to law and love
Must form a willing task and pleasant one;
Unselfishly, within the bounds of just
And equitable rules, must life be spent
Within this school of virtues and of ills.

No one should sacrifice himself in vain,
Nor foolishly submit to selfish wrong,
But upright be, and just unto himself
As well as to his fellow-beings here.

No one by parting from the world can gain
Superior holiness or purity;
He would but grow in weakness to resist
Temptation, should it fall within his way.

Any religion that must set apart
A man from all his fellows, and unfit
Him for the duties of this earthly life,
Is most delusive, as it is most false.

There is no virtue in an empty form
Of worship, nor within a verbal creed;
But he who does the duties of this life
With most of promptness, willingness of heart,
Is he who worships best, and most improves
And pleases those who aid to lift him up.

A cheerful worker in the cause of good,
With moral courage to denounce the wrong,
Whoever does it and wherever found,
Will favor find with the supernal powers.

The weak assenter to a hollow creed,
The weak believer in a hollow form,
Neglecting what is practical in work,
Provokes our pity, if not our contempt.

But over all delinquents in the form
Called human is the silly hypocrite
To be despised and shunned by men below,
Pitied by angels, and by devils jeered.

There is no mystery, of life or death,
Known to the angels or the priests on earth,
That should be tortured into formal creed,
Demanding the belief of mortal man.

The toil and sweat, and human sacrifice,
That blot the earth with superstitious piles
Devoted unto priestly guile and craft,
Are monuments, to Satan's vanity,
Of conquests over frail and feeble man—
Satan, the leader of the hosts of night,
Who are too gross to rise above the earth,
And hence sink down below, to there exhale
Their pestilential notions and deceive
Congenial spirits dwelling in the flesh.

There is no living soul within the church
Named after me, though individuals [come,
Catch gleams of light, not knowing whence they
And live above the stupid creeds and forms
Blindly observed from habit early taught,
Which they have not the strength to overcome.

My followers and workers can be found
All over this broad earth; some in the church
Called Christian; churches, too, with other names
Can also claim adherents to my faith;
They are the sterling men and women who
Love truth and good wherever they are found,
And act from righteous principle in all

The duties of this fleeting earthly life ;
Upon the surface they may not be seen,
Nor make profession of belief or faith ;
But every kindly word and loving deed,
Whatever helps to beautify the earth,
Or elevate the least of all the small,
Or free the mind from darkness, or lift up
A fallen soul, as well as all the great
And glorious words and deeds that light the world,
I count as mine ; they help me rise again.

XXIII.

Now briefly let me recapitulate :
This admonition is to you, ye rich,
Who wield the power among affairs of men.

It is not well to simply hoard the wealth
Ye have not drawn by toil from Nature's founts,
Or for it given equivalent exchange ;
The empty pomp and pride which for a day
Ye can indulge, neglecting nobler things,
Are poorest nourishment on which to thrive
And fit your souls to dwell in other spheres ;
Enough is all that's needed for this life ;
What else ye have but binds you down to earth.

Your surplus wealth and power should all be
To aid and lift your fellow-beings up ; [used
In this you will a satisfaction find

That never can from vanities be drawn;
To live for self is but to live alone,
Unknowing of the joys fraternal love
And sympathy have power to bring to you.

To but surround yourselves with earthly wealth,
And cling to this, is but to build on sand;
The beauties of this life are pleasant sights,
But nought compared with those of life to come.

'Tis sweet to dwell in earthly mansions rare,
And taste of the refining influence
That comes from these to the expanding soul;
But they who shut themselves within themselves,
Have narrow dwelling-place and nothing see
But empty shells of things that have their reals
On broader, higher planes of love and light.

Surroundings beautiful are nought compared
With beautiful associates of flesh,
Who palpitate with sympathy and joy;
And there can be no real pleasure here
That is not shared by those we love and bless.

In what state is the soul that can enjoy
Its bounties while its fellow-beings starve—
Which can be happy with extensive hoard
While others mourn and pine in want and pain?

Our Father hath bestowed his gifts on all,
Without a shade of partiality;

And shall not all, then, share in equity,
According to capacity and need,
Without monopolizing useless store,
Or trenching on the rights of brother man?

Corrupt monopolies must be o'erthrown,
And special privilege must be withdrawn;
The public must be served by men employed
To serve the people, not to serve themselves;
The railroads, telegraphs, and telephones,
Must be assumed by government and run
As postal service is by it performed;
And ultimately all the industries
Must come within the people's sole control,
And be by them directed with a care
And order now that is impossible.

The distribution of the fruits of toil
Must be through governmental care performed,
And places for exchanges must be built,
And all employees of the govenment
Receive certificates of value for
The labor they perform, and for all goods
That any may deposit in the store;
And these certificates will constitute
A medium of exchange for all the land.

The currency, whatever form it takes,
The government must issue; and all debts,
And power to contract debts, forever be

Abolished; and all usury be thrust
Aside, as perishing with servile debt.

The right to work must be secured to each
By government authority and power,
And each must be compelled to do his share;
All surplus labor, if there any be,
Must be employed on needed public works,
For beautifying and for making safe
The habitable parts of all the earth.

Thus all must come within the fostering care
Of government, as God's vicegerent here;
While all are left as free to think and speak
As is the wind to blow, or sun to shine.

Vile competition must be overthrown
In all the walks and avenues of life,
And true co-operation everywhere,
In its beneficence and love, prevail.

All things must be reversed in the affairs
Of men and women on this darksome earth,
And in the place of selfishness and lust,
Fraternal love and helpfulness must reign
Supreme and undisturbed forevermore.

XXIV.

If ye who have the wealth and power to mould
Humanity to shapes of loveliness,

And to avert or mitigate the throes
Of birth-transition, which is near at hand,
Refuse co-operation with the powers
Who are prepared to overthrow the reign
Of Satan and his angels, now too long,
Or, in the hardness of your hearts, prefer
To work in concert with the hosts of night,
Then will the work be done without your aid,
And you the consequences dire must share
With the infernals to be overthrown.

Ye see yourselves that ye have nearly reached
The end of selfish and confusing rule;
Without or interference, all would come
To desolation and chaotic night;
Without your aid, the lower elements
Will rise, to bitter lessons teach, until
The eyes of Reason have been touched with light,
And even devils learn that wrong must end;
And discord must give place to harmony,
Or all must perish and be swallowed in
Annihilation's bottomless abyss.

Build not your hopes on false beliefs and faiths—
On bubbles bursting into viewless air;
Ye have been led by ignes fatui
Until ye now are floundering in the mire.

Think not your earthly sins will be condoned,
Or that ye can escape the consequence

Of e'en the smallest of your many sins;
Observances of creeds and forms are but
As empty shadows, meaningless and void.

Repentance is to cease to do the wrong,
Regeneration comes by doing right;
The growth is slow and gradual, until
Desire for wrong is extirpated by
The habit slowly formed of doing good
Because of love of goodness and of truth.

No miracles are wrought, no sudden change
Is made by magic of affright or wish;
Ye cannot make obeisance to the right,
And still continue working in the wrong,
Without incurring evil just the same
As if ye took no notice of the right;
In fact, it makes your action all the worse
That ye can view the right and do the wrong.

Such as ye are when ceases mortal breath,
Such will ye wake upon the spirit shore,
And all delinquencies of earthly life
Must be worked out upon the spirit side,
With disadvantages to earth unknown;
And all offenses here must be atoned
By slow and painful work to make amends;
No sin committed here can be condoned,
But from your soul all trace must be erased

Through purging work and suffering most severe ;
As sow ye here, so there ye surely reap ;
Belief or unbelief in creeds and forms
Hath not a feather's weight, save as ye live
In daily life the principles involved ;
And as these are of good or ill import,
So will they modify the web of life
As ye, by daily deeds, shall weave them in.

Lean not for help upon your brother's arm,
But seek to stand alone by higher aid ;
In direst need, ye may be helped to walk,
A brother's voice may guide you in the dark ;
But seek ye independence and the power
To aid and bless, instead of needing help—
Ye cannot, like the blind, be always led ;
Ye must grow strong by work in lifting up
The weaker souls beneath, and with your light
Illume the paths of men that thread the dark,
Till all are strong, and every path is clear.

XXV.

A few more days, and earth will be no more,
Save as it scars or beautifies the soul ;
The flesh will drop away, and ye will part
With all your hoarded wealth, and all your gods
Of clay and dust, as useless baubles that
Might once have done you good, or done you harm,
As was the love they woke, or use they filled.

Brief is the time in which ye have to do
 Your work on earth and plume your souls for
 Ye have no time to lose in useless work, [flight;
 Much less to lose in doing deeds of wrong
 Which some day sadly must be all undone.

[course;

Read well the signs and wisely choose your
 There is no middle ground on which to stand ;
 If ye are with me, ye will do my work ;
 Who standeth idle is against my cause.

I come to set the groaning bondman free,
 And warm and light the world with brother-love ;
 A friend of all, I'll crush the tyrant's power,
 And make him see the evil of his sway.

In hating none, I pity all, and seek
 To bless all men by lifting up the weak,
 Correcting wrong, and pointing out the road [way.
 Which all should tread—the straight and narrow

I seek not worship, but desire that all
 Should heed my words of warning and advice ;
 In doing this, all may salvation find ;
 None can escape the consequence of deeds
 Done in the body, be they good or ill.

With these few parting words, I go my way ;
 But watch for me—lo ! I shall rise again !

THE END.



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